

The Lord Marquesse of
Dorcheesters
LETTER
to the Lord ROOS:

With the Lord ROOS'S Answer thereunto.

Whereunto is Added the Reasons, why the Lord
Marquesse of *Dorchester* publish-
ed his Letter of the 25. of Febr. 1659.

Dated the 13. of the same moneth.

With his Answer to the Lord

ROOS
his Letter.

London, Printed, 1660.



(2)
A true and perfect Copy of a Letter

*Written by the Lord Marquesse of Dorchester,
to the Lord Roes.*

*Printed the 25. of Feb. 1659. but sent to him on the 13. of the
same Moneth.*

Sure you were in one of your Drunken Fits, the
Pot flew high when you writ your Sottish and
Clownish Paper to me, that relishes of nothing
but a Tipl'd Fool, and a Bragging Coward; and
the latter in so poor and mean a manner, that I am a-
shamed it should come from one that bears the Name,
though not the Nature of a Gentleman: Your own
fearfull guilty Soul knows that my late Letter, as
well as a former to your self, (together with all
Passages between us) were almost as soon communi-
cated to your Father and Mother, as to your self, and
not long after to some of your nearest Relations;
Nay, many of the Servants of both your Families were
privy thereunto, and knew as much as your self, and
so did divers others in several places: All this I can
prove by persons well reputed; and for the Letters,
I dare swear, they were not kept very secret, for I
have heard of divers passages in them, which I am
sure came to no body by *Revelation*; and yet you
have the frontlesse impudence to lay this aspersions
upon me: I have fought before now, and I hope ne-
ver came off with the loss of honour; and must I now
be afraid of such a Shadow, such a half-man as you
are? and 'tis well if you be so much: You remember
I challenged you twice in one Week, and you poorly
and

and basely refused both, pretending you would give me full satisfaction; you came indeed (but full sore against your will, and contrary to the Huffs you gave out in the Countrey in your Drink) and promised as much as I could expect, but afterwards performed nothing: And now be your own Judge, whether it is possible for any one to believe, that I that knew you had poorly refused twice, should avoid the meeting you now: If you needs must lye, follow my advice, and hereafter lie Colourably, for these are such gross ones, that they are palpable, like the *Aegyptian* Darknes. I must needs say, it much troubles, and afflicts me, to be compell'd by your barbarous and unmanly provocations, to use such speeches, contrary to my nature and disposition; but you began, and I do no more than retaliate, and the law of Retaliation is just and equal: But I believe, you'll bear all quietly, was it more; for you abound in Passive fortitude, though you have in you not one jot of the Active. If this any whit galls, you know the way to *London* (no other place for the present being possible to be chosen without most apparent and evident suspicion) There will be the most privacy, and who plays the Pultroon, will be most easily discover'd. But what do I talk of *London* to you, you will as soon come on your Head as on Horseback or in Coach, to meet me with a Sword in your hand: But, was it a Bottle, none would be more forward; and with such a weapon you may venture upon a *Dutch-man*: But if there be a spark of Fire in so dull a Flint, I will strike it. From the beginning to the end of your Letter you falsely lie, and if you dare appear, I will cram it down your Throat with my sword; if there need any more, I

As 2 I have read and seen the day

say and reſay, *You are a baſe Coward*. If you muſt have another Puſh, I will divulge it to the World in Print what a Coward *You* are, and make publick all the paſſages between us; Your fooliſh bragging Letter ſhall not be omitted, which will ſpeak you more than I have done, and this ſhall follow after it; then 'twill to all appear what a Captain Puſh you are, fit for nothing but a Cudgel. For ſhame leave the Petticoat off, and put on Breeches; uſe my Argument againſt my ſelf; if I was ſo mean to diſcover this; you may infallibly conclude I will do ſo again; but you'l uſe none of this way of Argumentation, *you* too well know *my* innocence therein; if I may ſee a Miracle, that is, *you* with a Sword in *your* hand, I will before our *Seconds* and *your ſelf*, beſeech God that what I wiſh'd in *my* Letter to *your Second*, may fall upon me, [viz.] *That if in the leaſt, directly or indirectly, I be guilty of this diſcovery, or any Circumſtance that can but tend thereunto: Nay, I will go farther, If I did not my utmoſt to avoid all ſuſpition, may I fall by your ſword, to my eternal ſhame and ruine.* This, upon my Honour, I will declare upon our Meeting, in manner as I have ſaid, which I am ſure you dare not reſpectively do for your ſelf; Your guilty trembling Conſcience will hold you off when you are ſo neer danger.

Monday Febr. 13. 1659.

Dorcheſter.

The Meſſenger was ſent Poſt with this Letter to the Lord Roos, on the day of the date thereof, but was forc'd to follow him from place to place, it being given out he was gone thre or four ſeveral wayes; at length he found him at the Lord Mountague's in Northampton-ſhire; and there after many Examinations, with much difficulty, he deliver'd this Letter to the Lord Roos his own hands; on Thursday morning the 16. of this inſtant Febr.

*A true and perfect Copy of the Lord Roos his Answer to
the Marquesse of Dorchester's Letter written the 23.
of February 1659.*

Sir,

Sure you were among your *Gallipots* and *Glister-pipes*, when you gave your Choller so violent a Purge, to the fouling of so much innocent paper, and your own reputation (if you had any, which the wise very much doubt) you had better bin drunk and set in the Stocks for it, when you sent the Post with a whole packet of Chartells to me; in which you have discovered so much vapouring nonsense and rayling, that it is wholsomer for your credit, to have it thought the effect of drink, then your own naturall talent in perfect minde and memory: for if you understand any thing in your own Trade, you could not but know that the *Hedick* of your own brain is more desperate than the *Tertian* fits of mine, which are easily cured with a little sleep; but yours is past the remedy of a Morter and braying. But I wonder with what confidence you can accuse me with the discovery of private passages between us, when you are so open your self, that every man sees through you; or how could I disclose perfectly any thing in your Epistles to my Father and Mother, the which was not before very well knowne unto your Tutors or Schoolmasters, whose instructions you used in compiling those voluminous works. Let any man judge, whether I am so likely to divulge secrets as you, who cannot forbear printing and publishing: Your Labours are now cried in the streets of *London*, with Ballads on the *Rump* and *Hewsons* Lamentations; and the Lord of *Dorchester's* name makes a greater

er noise in a close Alley than Kitchen-stuffe or work for a Tiaker : & all this by your owne industry, who are not ashamed at the same instant to pretend to secrecy, with no less absurdity than you commit, when accusing me for using foul Language, you do out-do *Billingsgate* your self. But now you begin to vapour, and to tell us you have fought before; so I have heard you have, with your Wife, and Poet, but if you come off with no more honour, than when you were beaten by my Lord *Grandison*, you had better have kept that to your self, if it were possible for you to conceal any thing: but I cannot but laugh at the untoward course you take to render your self formidable, by bragging of your Fights, when you are terrible onely in your medicines: if you had told us how many you kill'd that way, and how many you have cut in pieces, besides *Calves* and *Dogs*, a right valiant man that hath any wit, would tremble to come nere you: and if by your threatening to ramme your Sword down my Throat, you do not mean your Pills, which are a more dangerous weapon, the worst is past, and I am safe enough: as for your Feats of Armes, there is no half quarter of a man that is so wretched, but would venture to give you battail, but you are most unsufferable in your unconscionable ingrossing of all Trades: Is it not enough that you are already as many things as any of your owne receipts, that you are a Doctor of the Civil Law, and a Barister at the Common, a Bencher of *Gray's Inne*, a Professour of Physick and a Fellow of the Colledge; a Mathematician, a Chaldean, a Schoolman and a piece of a Grammarian, (as your last work can shew were it construed) a Philosopher,

Poet

Poet, Translator, Antisocordist, Solliciter, Broker & Usurer; besides, a Marquess, Earl, Vicount and Baron; but you must, like Dr. *Swift*, profess quarrelling too, and publishing your self an Hector; of which calling there are so many already, that they can hardly live one by another. Sir, truly there is no conscience in it, considering you have not onely, a more sure and safe way of killing men already then they have, but a plentiful Estate besides: So many Trades, and yet have so little conscience to eat the bread out of their mouths; they have great reason to lay it to heart, and I hope some of them will demand reparation of you, and make you give them compounding dinners too, as well as you have done to the rest of your Fraternities; and now be your own Judge, whether any one man can be bound in honour to Fight with such an *Hydra* as you are; a Monster of many heads; like the multitude, or the Devil that call'd himself *Legion*; such an encounter would be no Duell but War, which I never heard that any one man ever made alone; and I must levy Forces ere I can meet you, for if every one of your capacities had but a Second, you would amount to a Brigade, as your Letter does to a Declaration; in which I cannot omit, that in one respect you have dealt very ingeniously, and that is in publishing to the world, that all your Heroical resolutions are built upon your own opinion of my want of courage: this argues you well studied in the dimensions of quarrelling; among which, one of the chiefest shews how to take measure of another mans valour, by comparing it with your own, to make your approaches accordingly: but as the least mistake betrays you to an infallible beating, so you had
far'd.

far'd, and perhaps had had the Honour, which you seem to desire, of falling by my Sword, if I had not thought you a thing fitter for any mans contempt then anger.

Roos.

The Reasons why the Lord Marquess of Dorchester printed his Letter the 25. of Febr. 1659. Dated the 13. of the same Moneth.

Together with my Answer to a printed Paper, called, a true and perfect Copy of the Lord Roos his Answer to the Marquess of Dorchester's Letter, Written the 25. of Febr. 1659.

ON the 12. of Febr. last, about five in the afternoon, I received the Lord *Roos* his Paper, mentioned in my printed *Letter*, and immediately thereupon I writ that *Answer*, and sent it away Post the next day: And though, both before and after, I was frequently informed, what report he gave out in the Countrey, yet I held them onely worth my scorn, and at that time had not the least intention of making any thing publick; my *letter* being writ *ad hominem*, and not for the *presse*. But when I saw for three days together (before I thought of printing it) those scandalous *papers*, that were scatter'd up and down, posted, and cry'd by the common Cryer all *London* over: And this done (besides the injuries most uncivilly offered unto my Daughter, when she had not put him one penny in debt) to confirm by so notorious an act his idle boasting, that I was afraid to meet him; I was compell'd so to vindicate my self, being deprived of all other means; for then I well knew

knew he durst not Fight. The *rolled Papers* I need not recite, because they are so common; For the Jewels and Plate therein mentioned, the first were all her own, except one Necklace of Pearl and some trivial Diamonds: The Plate was no more than she used in her Bed-chamber, and under the value of three-score pound: Before she secured these, she was often threatned they should be all taken from her, & not so much left her as a Ring or Spoon: And since, I intreated Persons of Honor to acquaint his Mother (which they did accordingly) that I would make good both what her Son, and my self gave her, and at their own Rates; But all would not serve, Spleen and Folly prevailed against Honour and Reason. And now upon the whole matter, whether, and how far I am justifiable in publishing that *letter*, I willingly submit to the judgment of any indifferent person. And thus I come to the Lord Roos his *Answer* to the Lord Marquess of Dorchester's Letter, &c.

This *Whelp* hath for this moneth been lick'd over and over, and is yet without form, a rude and indigested lump; if you had used the like quicknes in your *Reply*, as I did in my *Answer* to your *Letter*, and therein required an account of me with my Sword in my hand, and in stead of Eleven days I allow'd you, you had given me but Two, nor so much neither, but in respect of the distance of our dwellings; if in that short time you had not heard from me, with full satisfaction to your demand, you might then upon some grounds have divulged this and more; but now after a months space, when you durst not do like a Man, to answer like a Childe, cleer from the purpose, and most apparent scope of my *letter*, which was to pro-

voke you to Fight, and not to Rail; This I say would have *stigmatiz'd* you with an indeleble mark, if you were capable of more Infamy, than is now upon you; For you are still a Coward, and dare not Fight. This Expression I must use often, as *Cato* did his *into Carthaginiem esse delendam*: you know the saying, *Cloath an Ape in Tissue*, and it but adds deformity to the Beast; and the more a Coward seeks to conceal, the more he discovers his Fears: Of the truth of this you are a shamefull Example. What a noise and blustering doe you make, to appear Some body, as if with *Homer's Ulysses* you had got the Winds into your empty bottles? but all in vain; for tis with you like a Jade in the Myre, your labouring to get out, but plunges you the deeper in; For you are still a Coward, and dare not fight. You say, *I was amongst my Gally-pots and Clyster-pipes, when I gave my Choler so violent a Purge*: If so, I was prescribing a Clyster for you to take before our Meeting, else I should sooner have had you in my Nose, than in my Sight. You go on; *I had better have been drunk, and set in the Stocks for it, when I sent the Post with a whole Pavquet of Chartels to you*. I mention this piece of Eloquence for no other end, than to shew what Wit there lies in the Froth of Ale. You proceed, *That if I understand any thing in my owne Trade, I could not but know, that the Hectique of my owne Brain is more desperate than the Tertian Fits of yours, which are easily cured with a little sleep*. Is it possible for any man to be so stupid, as to publish himself in print a common Drunkard? This is the plain English of your Tertian Fits, which if you had called *Quotidian*, you would easily have been believed; though indeed they have out-lasted any *Quartane*. You talk of Tutors and

and School-masters; I have been long since out of their hands; but it is high time you were under their correction; and had I known you, as well before I sent to you in a way of Honour, as I do now, I would for once have play'd the Schoolmaster my self, and have brought, in stead of a Sword, a good Rod, the onely fit Weapon to encounter such an Adversary; For you are still a Coward, and dare not fight. You add, That now I begin to vapour, and tell you I have fought before; and that you have heard I have, with my Wife, and Poet; but if I came off with no more honour then when I was beaten by my Lord Grandison, I had better have kept that to my self. What you mean by my Poet, I cannot imagine; but you may conceive tis not impossible for me to beat a Woman, since I declared such a proneness to Cudgel you. The businesse between my Lord Grandison and my self, is so fully known to the world, and his Second (an Ey-witnesse of what passed) yet alive, that there is no need for me to speak a word therein; onely this, as a *Heitor* (a name amongst others you are pleased to bestow upon me) I tell you, He that will Fight, though he have never so much the worse, loses no reputation: And I protest, I had rather meet with a man of Honour and Courage, though he did beat me (as you word it) then now to Fight and Beat you: But there's no great danger of that, For you are still a Coward, and dare not fight. Next, you scribble about my cutting up Calves, and Dogs, and if by threatening to cram my Sword down you Throat, I do not mean my Pills, you are safe. Indeed, Experiments in Anatomy have much conduced to the bettering mans knowledge; and I make no doubt, had I the dissecting of you instead of a Calf, I should finde the place, where Cowardise is seated. This would be an acceptable Discovery to our Colledge of Physitians. As concerning my Pills, these you would most fear to take, must be prepared with Steel, for I know between Steele and you, there is a great Antipathy. And whereas you say, *There is no half quarter of a man but would venture to give me battle*; Alas poor wretch! you do not understand what Dirt you throw in your own face; for your not daring to meet me, proves *ex ore tuo*, that you are lesse then half a quarter of a man; and surely here is both good Grammar and Logick to boot. And now you tell me, I am most unjufferable in my unconsidderable ingrossing of all Trades;

That

That I am a Doctor of Civil Law, a Barrister of the Common, a Benchet of Greys-Inn; a Professor of Physick, a Fellow of the Colledge, a Mathematician, Caldean, a School-man, and a piece of a Grammarian (as my last work shews, were it continued) a Philosopher, Poet, Translator, Antisucordist, Solicitor, Broker and Usurer; a Marquiss, Earl, Viscount, Baron, and a Hector: And there is no dealing with me without a Brigade, if I have a second for every capacity. What ridiculous stuff is here? *Resum teneatis Amici?* yet I think a less number would scarce secure your fears, and even then, you durst not appear in the Head of them; For still you are a Coward, and dare not fight. You say, for eating the bread out of the Hectors mouths, you hope some of them will make me give them Compounding dinners, as well as I did to the rest of my Fraternities. I think you scape fairly, if for abusing them, you can be admitted to Compound for Dinners and Supper too. You pithily write, That I measure another mans valor by comparing it with my own. I understand in what sense you would be taken, and laugh at it: But yet tis true, I ever did and shall think, of all Gentlemen as I do of my self, till I find them such as you are: And now for the future, I shall measure all Cowards by your Scal. I will omit (for brevity) the rest of your *Bilingsgate* nonsense (indeed your whole Letter is *ejusdem farinae*) and give you this friendly admonition, that you be more carefull and circumspect hereafter, and not charge a fault upon another, when at the same instant you commit a greater in the same kind; I mean, your accusing me of railing, when you yourself transcend therein. I have but a word or two more, and I have done with you: You say, that I might have had the honour I desired to have

[Printed the same by your sword. I see the Proverb does not hold true in 20th. of March you, that *Bad memories have good Wits*: I did not desire absolu- 1659. the day lately to fall by your sword, but under the condition men- after the Prin- tioned in my printed letter: And as for the honour you tioning the Lord Roos his An- vainly put upon falling by it; I think there is not any, but swer, &c. a will believe me without swearing; if I could have thought bore menti- upon a more ignominious thing, I had named it. And now on'd the Date whereof by him purposely omit- ed.]

And still you are a Coward and dare not fight.  *Dorchester.*

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